



## SIR EDWARD SEYMOUR.

AN ENGLISH TALE.

*(Continued.)*

FILLED with the most pleasing ideas, our hero arrived at the p i-ory. It appeared to be a very ancient building, and much out of repair. On entering the court-yard, a servant of rather a shabby appearance, asked him what he wanted. Sir Edward told him he wished to see Mrs. Jones, and if she was at home, to tell her that the cousin of Mr. Clements, whose death she had, he supposed, been made acquainted with, requested to see her. The man said his misters heard of Mr. Clements' death, and immediately showed him into a parlour, where a very handsome young woman was reading with great attention a letter, which on Sir Edward's entrance, she hastily hid in her bosom. Our hero bowed, and the young woman arose with some confusion, but gracefully returning his salute, and begging him to be seated, left the room on the pretence of informing her aunt. Sir Edward, on hearing this appellation, no longer doubted that she was Frances; he, however, dared not recall her, and Mrs. Jones, in a few

minutes, made her appearance, accompanied by her niece.

The first glance our hero had of Mrs. Jones, disconcerted him, and made him forget what he proposed saying to her. She was a very tall woman, of about forty; her face was still sufficiently handsome to inform the beholder that she must have been once very beautiful; but it was a kind of beauty, that even in its zenith could never have touched the heart; at least Sir Edward tho't so, as it seemed totally devoid of feminine grace. The bold expression of her large black eyes, her deportment, her voice, all combined to inspire a certain dread, totally bereft of respect.

After having received our hero with frigid politeness, she listened in silence to the purport of his visit. He then proceeded to tell her that being named by Mr. Clements as his universal legatee, and being acquainted with the lively interest his benefactor felt in her niece's welfare, he thought he only fulfilled a sacred duty, in offering to share with her the property of their mutual friend. He added, that the interest of the said sum should be regularly paid her,

and that on the day of her marriage, she should receive the principal.

After having finished, not without some difficulty, this unpleasant explanation, and having blushed when pronouncing the appellation of aunt, or niece, while Mrs. Jones remained undaunted, Sir Edward ceased speaking, much astonished at the little effect his words had produced, and was answered in the following manner :

"I do not comprehend," said she, with an air of suspicious gravity, "how you, Sir, who have received such positive proofs of Mr. Clements' confidence and affection, can be ignorant of the project which occupied him for several years previous to his death, and which I have heard him speak of a thousand times. My niece was intended for you ; it was you whom he had selected for her husband. The very last time we met, he entertained me with the many advantages you would derive from him, if you agreed to this marriage, and on this account solely has he bestowed his fortune upon you. Permit me, then, Sir, before I reply to your proposal, to ask whether you, whose sincerity I confide in, are not acquainted with your benefactor's intentions ?"

Saying these words, she fixed her penetrating eyes on Sir Edward, who, in reply, presented her with a copy of the will, which he

had the precaution of bringing with him, to convince Mrs. Jones that no conditions was annexed to the bequest. The aversion he had to uttering an untruth, prevented him from making any other answer. But the wily aunt knew how to interpret his looks ; and after having read the paper, returned it to him, saying, "that she saw plainly that her niece had no right either to his possessions or his hand ; but in this case," she continued, "you have no right to humiliate us by your gifts. I refuse it in the name of my niece, certain of its meeting with her concurrence. She ought not, nor can she receive presents from any one but a husband. If you agree to be her benefactor on these terms, I think your conscience will not be less tranquil ; and if, on the contrary, you do not, I think a longer interview useless."

Vexed by these words, our hero knew not how to reply. After a few moments silence, Mrs. Jones arose, and courtesying, left the room.

Sir Edward now thought it was high time to depart, and choose another spot to meditate on the strange manner his proposals had been received. He regained his carriage, and proceeded to Oxford, which was about two miles off, and stopped at the first inn he met with, for the purpose of writing to Mrs. Jones. He told her that being totally unknown to her niece,

it was impossible she could feel any affection for him ; that it was more than probable that either Miss Jones or himself had before now made another choice ; and admitting that to be the case, an union could only be productive of unhappiness. He in the most delicate manner represented to her the wish he had of serving Miss Jones, renewed his former offer, and begged to be allowed to call the next day to hear Mrs. Jones's final determination.

This letter was immediately dispatched, but it did not prevent our hero from passing a sleepless night. This woman, thought he, is certainly in possession of my secret ; if she persists in her refusal, what will she not say of me ? Her residence so near Oxford, my adventure will be spoken of ; calumny will put forth her voice ; and all the students will regard me as a man void of faith, probity, or gratitude, and will disseminate this opinion wherever they go. I shall be dishonoured and defamed throughout the kingdom ; I shall not dare to appear in society ; and shall, in the end, die in despair ; because an obstinate woman will not consent to receive from me five thousand a year."

The following day was spent in similar reflexions. Sir Edward waited for the evening to pay his visit, hoping that the longer time he gave Mrs. Jones, the more likely she would be to comply with

his request, As soon as the sun had set, he ascended his carriage, but before he had reached his destination, the fineness of the evening induced him to proceed on foot to the Priory.

Rather agitated, he entered the grounds ; when, as he passed beside a summer-house at some distance from the mansion, he heard a female voice, whose tones were so sweetly plaintive, that he could not withstand the temptation of listening to the whole of the following well known ballad :—

#### AULD ROBIN GRAY.

When the sleep are in the fauld and  
the kye at hame,  
And all the weary world asleep is gane,  
The waes o' my heart fall in showers  
frae my eye,  
While my gude man sleeps sound by  
me.

Jamie lov'd me weel, and ask'd me for  
his bride,  
But saving a crown he had naithing  
else beside ;  
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie  
went to sea,  
And the crown and the pound were  
baith for me.

He had nae been gone a year and a day,  
When my faither broke his arm, and  
our cow was stole away ;  
My mither she fell sick, and Jamie at  
the sea,  
And auld Robin Gray came a courting  
to me.

My faither cou'd nae wark, and my mi-  
ther cou'd nae spin,  
I toil'd the day and night, but their  
bread I cou'd nae win ;

Auld Robin fed em beith, and wi'  
tears in his eye,  
Said, Jenny, for their sake, O pray mar-  
ry me.

My heart it fast heav'd, and I look'd for  
Jamie back ;  
But the wind it blew hard, and his ship  
was a wrack.

His ship was a wrack ; whv did not  
Jeany die ?  
And why was she spar'd to cry, wae is  
me ?

My father urg'd me fair, but my mither  
did nae speak,  
But she look'd in my face, tili my heart  
was like to break ;  
Sae they gied him my hand, tho' my  
heart was in the sea,  
And auld Robin Gray was gude man to  
me.

I had nae been a wife but weeks only  
four,  
When sitting sae mournfully at my ain  
door,  
I saw Jamie's ghaist, for I cou'd not  
think it he,  
Till he said—" Love, I am come to  
marry thee !"

Sair, sair, did we greet, and mickle did  
we say,  
We took but one kiss, and we tore our-  
selves away ;  
I wish I were dead, but I'm nae like to  
be,  
O why was I born to say, wae is me ?

I gang like a ghaist, and I canna like  
to spin ;  
I dare not think of Jamie, for that would  
be a sin ;  
But I'll do my best a gude wife for to  
be,  
For auld Robin Gray is very kind to  
me.

During this time, Sir Edward  
had remained stationary at the

side of the summer-house ; but as  
soon as the voice ceased, he ad-  
vanced towards the entrance, and  
found himself before a female fi-  
gure, whom he conjectured to be  
Frances, as the darkness would  
not allow him to recognize her  
features. She was alone, and held  
her handkerchief in her hands, as  
if she had been weeping. On per-  
ceiving Sir Edward, she arose and  
came to meet him, saying, in  
mournful accents, " Is it thus,  
Henry, you obey my commands ?  
I wrote to you twice this morning,  
to entreat you not to venture here ;  
I related to you the violent scenes  
which I daily endure with my aunt,  
and the resolution which she still  
persists in, of marrying me to Mr.  
Clements' odious cousin, whom I  
believe to be at this very moment  
in the house. I once more re-  
peat to you, Henry, that I will ra-  
ther die than be faithless to my  
promise ; but on my side, I en-  
treat you to return instantly to Ox-  
ford, and not on any account appear  
here again until this fatal marri-  
age is broken off, and that Sir Ed-  
ward, whom I hope soon to dis-  
gust by my hatred and contempt,  
has left this place."

In speaking thus, Frances had  
slowly approached our hero, whose  
face had been totally obscured by  
the overhanging of a willow ; and  
as this was the spot where she  
usually met her lover, and that his  
figure greatly resembled Sir Ed-  
ward's, her mistake was perfectly  
natural. But now discovering his

features, she screamed aloud, and precipitately fled.

Our hero had no great desire of following her. More astonished than vexed at this adventure, he balanced whether he should now solicit an interview with Mrs. Jones. The fear of embarrassing the afflicted Frances by his presence, and of causing a new quarrel between the aunt and niece, added to the extreme repugnance he felt at having any point to discuss with the former, determined him to return immediately to Oxford.

(To be continued.)

Comments on the means, duty, and happiness of  
KISSING.

"Jacob kissed Rachel."  
Gen. 29 chap. ver. v. xi.

TO prove that he did not incur the least guilt by this interesting act, I have combined the testimonies of the scriptures and the unanimous opinion of the most learned interpreters of the passage which I have selected for the subject of the following comments.

Multitudes of men, since the days of the illustrious patriarch, have done *the same*, and been like him, as absolutely free from sinning. The voice of all ages, has not merely confirmed the recti-

tude of the *practice*, but emphatically recommended the *imitation* of it to posterity. Much does it therefore redound to the honour of the present century, and to the natives of this country in particular, that in this *agreeable* pursuit, instead of ever deviating from the pious paths of their ancestors, they have improved to such a degree upon the *example*, that future ages, however well disposed to bear obediently in their remembrance so *captivating* a lesson, will find it difficult to surpass them in their adherence to this *engaging virtue*. May we constantly persevere in *servent efforts* to deserve this character; indefatigably performing so essential and so *exquisite* a branch of our local duty.

In the discussion of this important point, I propose

*First*—To consider the *meaning* of the words, "Jacob kissed Rachel."

*Secondly*—To enforce the fullest submission to the *charming precept* which it conveys; and

*Lastly*—To shew how frequently, and in what different *senses*, it has been pressed on our most *serious* and *liveliest* consideration, by inspired writers.

First then, as to the *meaning* of the words, Jacob kissed Rachel—the verb, *to kiss*; the substantive *a kiss*; the participle *kissing*, and the strange and *equivocally* sound-

ing phrase *KISSED* will admit of a *double interpretation*; they may signify either a simple salute, or a ceremony more *complicated* in its *nature*. But the kissing described in the text, falls under the former description, it was a mere *contact of the lips*, accompanied by perhaps a partial, perhaps by a mutual smacking. This will appear by an examination of the context.—We learn that Jacob departed from the house of his father, upon a journey to the land of the people of the east, for the purpose of receiving a wife, beautiful and meritorious as he deserved. This expedition was difficult, momentous, and interesting. On the result of it depended his bliss or misery. The partner of his nuptial bed might either cover it with piercing thorns, or with a kind and constant hand, strew it over with unfading wreaths of roses. After a tedious pilgrimage (if the expression be allowable) he arrived at *Pedan Aram*, in Syria, a country which seemed for various reasons the peculiar favourite of Heaven. In one of the green valleys of this fertile region, he met the young and lovely Rachel. Instigated by the propensity of his nature, and the power of her personal attractions, he flew to her, and in the *energetic* language of the text, *kissed* her. What man, not cursed by a detestable abhorrence of the sex, could refrain from taking (or at least wishing to take) the same liberty. Fair and inviting was the opportunity, and

it is difficult to decide, whether the cold temperament of him who could resist it, ought to excite pity or incur contempt.

It is not proved that Rachel either resisted, or even objected against this freedom from a stranger. We may venture, therefore, to determine, that the *salutation* had quite the opposite effect, upon the solid principles, regarding which the learned, so prone to controversy, and so notorious for a discordancy of sentiments, have differed, that *women* and especially *maidens*, (such at this period we must consider Rachel) did never from the creation of the world to the present hour, conceive a mortal antipathy to a *kiss* from an admirer, glowing with all the manly allurements of youth, comeliness, and vigour. But, no readiness to take offence, no spark of momentary resentment, no flashes of transient anger, were raised within her breast, by the *tender familiarity* of Jacob. She received it as the welcome prelude of a fonder intimacy, which terminated in a prosperous marriage. Thus, as in the days of yore, kissing is generally the forerunner of closer connexions, which sometimes have led to uncorrupted matrimony, but which has often with a faithless step been known to start aside from the fascinating object to which the *male* lover declared that it was ultimately tending. Thrice fortunate are they who unalterably attentive to the

hallowed mandate which proceeds from Heaven, from nature, and speaks with *soft*, yet *insurmountable* persuasion, to every son and daughter of the universe, can truly exclaim, "We have not laboured in vain; we have not suffered the flower of our age to drop withered from the stalk; we possess the commendation of our own consciences and the esteem of our friends, in addition to which enviable felicities, our children shall rise up and call us blessed."

Having thus briefly considered the import of the words, "Jacob kissed Rachel," I shall *secondly* endeavour to fix upon your mind the actual expediency of implicitly submitting to the cordial precept which it inculcates. Whatsoever nature inclines us to do, the same not being prohibited by any positive law, divine or human, it assuredly behoves us to execute. But on this occasion, the injunction presents itself with an aspect so winning and so enlightened, that we cannot hesitate to regard it as at once rational and extatic. Let the insensible beings of the masculine gender, (if such unfortunately there are) examine their inward feelings, and declare whether they would not conceive it difficult totally to resist the temptations of *lips* like those of Rachel, a fragrance, equal to the odours of an April morn, issuing from their vermillioned surface, to render them not the least captivating of that almost divine assemblage

of features, in which Jacob doubtless perceived the spotless index of the milder virtues, invariably directed throughout their lucid progress, by the best, and consequently the most serviceable qualities of a female understanding. I can venture to affirm that the majority of beings, who compose the masculine class of this world, are a compound of materials too sublime, too effervescent, too luxuriously prone to the participation of the fair indulgence, not to enjoy by the warm magic of an elevated imagination, these scenes of reciprocal endearments as having passed between Jacob and Rachel. "He kissed her, he lifted up his voice, and wept."—In sorrow? No! from an excess of transport. The joy which overflowed the heart, ran gushing from the delighted eye, dropping a tributary tear upon the *snowy bosom* of the enchanting object of this inevitable, yet just emotion

From the case of Jacob, it is not erroneously, but highly requisite to infer that his behaviour at this interview with Rachel, should be taken so long as the world exists for a pattern by all who may have the advantage of standing in a similar predicament.

Let this admonition remain deeply engraven on the tablets of our memory. As we are bound to carry it into the most extensive practice, whensoever the least occasion may occur, may be become

inspired with a spirit of emulation, and strive during so *delectable* a task, to bear away the glorious palm of pre-eminence.

### THE MERMAID.

SEEN ON THE COAST OF CATH-  
NESS.

*Letter from Miss Mackay, daughter of David Mackay, minister of Reay, to Miss Innes, dowager of Sandside.*

*Reay Manse, May 25, 1809.*

MADAM,

To establish the truth of what has hitherto been considered improbable and fabulous, must be at all times a difficult task, and I have not the vanity to think that my testimony alone would be sufficient for this purpose, but when to this is added that of four others, I hope it will have some effect in removing the doubts of those, who may suppose that the wonderful appearance I reported having seen in the sea on the 12th of January, was not a Mermaid, but some other uncommon though less remarkable inhabitant of the deep. As I would willingly contribute to remove the doubt of the sceptical on this subject, I beg leave to state the following accounts, after premising that my cousin, whose name is affixed along with mine was one of the four witnesses who beheld with me this uncommon spectacle.

While she and I were walking by the sea shore, on the 12th of Jan. about noon, our attention was attracted by seeing three people, who were on a rock at some distance, shewing signs of terror and astonishment at something they saw in the water. On approaching them, we distinguished that the object of their wonder was a face resembling the human countenance, which appeared floating on the waves, at that time nothing but the face was visible. It may not be improper to observe before I proceed further, that the face, throat, and arms, are all that I can attempt to describe, all our attempts to discover the appearance and position of the body being unavailing. The sea at that time ran very high, and as the waves advanced, the Mermaid gently sunk under them and afterwards re-appeared. The face seemed plump and round, the eyes and nose were small, the former were of a light grey colour and the mouth was large, and from the shape of the jawbone, which seemed straight, the face looked short: as to the inside of the mouth I can say nothing not having attended to it, though sometimes open. The forehead, nose, and chin, were white, the whole side face of a bright pink colour.

The head was exceedingly round, the hair thick and long, of a green oily cast, and appeared troublesome to it, the waves generally throwing it down over the face, it seemed to feel the annoy-

ance, and as the waves retreated, with both its hands, frequently threw back the hair and rubbed its throat, as if to remove any soiling it might have received from it. The throat was slender, smooth, and white; we did not think of observing whether it had elbows, but from the manner in which it used its arms, I must conclude that it had. The arms were very long and slender, as were the hands and fingers, the latter were not webbed. The arms, one of them at least, was frequently extended over its head, as if to frighten a bird that hovered over it, and seemed to distress it much; when that had no effect, it sometimes turned quite round, several times successively. At a little distance we observed a seal. It sometimes laid its right hand under its cheek, and in this position floated for some time.—We saw nothing like scales or hair on any part, indeed the smoothness of the skin particularly caught our attention. The time it was discernible to us, was about an hour. The sun was shining clearly at the time; it was distant from us a few yards only. These are the few observations made by us during the appearance of this strange phenomenon.

If they afford you any satisfaction, I shall be perfectly happy; I have stated nothing but what I clearly recollect; as my cousin and I had frequently previous to this period, combated an assertion which is very common among the

lower class here, that Mermaids had been frequently seen on this coast, our evidence cannot be tho't biassed by any former prejudice in favour of the existence of this wonderful creature.

To contribute in any degree to your pleasure or amusement, will add to the happiness of,

Madam, your greatly obliged,

ELIZA MACKAY.

C. MACKENZEE.

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MR. EDITOR.

I send you the following extract from a work of acknowledged reputation, which, if it does not inform, may amuse some of your readers.

B. K.

### THE EARTH

Was projected along with the other primary planets from the sun, which is supposed to be on fire only on its surface, emitting light, without much internal heat, like a ball of burning camphor.

The rotation of the earth round its axis, was occasioned by its greater friction or adhesion to one side of the cavity from which it was ejected; and from this rotation it acquired its spherodical form. As it cooled in its ascent from the sun, its nucleus became harder, and its attendant vapors were condensed, forming the ocean.

The masses, or mountains of granite, porphyry, basalt, and stones of similar structure, were a part of the original nucleus of the earth, or consist of volcanic productions since formed.

On this nucleus of granite and basalt, thus covered by the ocean, were formed the calcareous beds of limestone, marble, chalk, spar, from the exuvial of marine animals, with the flints, or cherty, which accompany them. And were stratified by their having been formed at different, and very distant periods of time.

The whole terraqueous globe was burst by central fires; islands and continents were raised, consisting of granite, or lava, in some parts, and of limestone in others; and great vallies were sunk, into which the ocean retired.

During these central earthquakes, the moon was ejected from the earth, causing new tides; and the earth's axis suffered some change in its inclination, and its rotatory motion was retarded.

On some parts of these islands and continents of granite, or limestone, were gradually produced extensive morasses, from the recrements of vegetables, and of land animals; and from these morasses, heated by fermentation, were produced clay, marl, sandstone, coal, iron, (with the bases of variety of acids) all which were stratified by their having been formed

at different, and very distant periods of time.

In the elevation of the mountains, very numerous and deep fissures necessarily were produced. In these fissures many of the metals are formed, partly from descending materials, and partly from ascending ones, raised in vapour by subterraneous fires. In the fissures of granite, or porphyry, quartz is formed; in the fissures of limestone, calcareous spar is produced.

During these first great volcanic fires, it is probable the atmosphere was either produced, or much increased; a process which is now, perhaps, going on in the moon; Mr. Herschell having discovered a volcanic crater three miles broad, burning on her disk.

The summits of new mountains were cracked into innumerable lozenges, by the cold dews, or snows falling upon them when red-hot. From these summits, which were then twice as high as at present, cubes and lozenges of granite and basalt, and quartz, in some countries, and of marble and flint in others, descended gradually into the valleys, and were rolled together in the beds of rivers (which were then so large as to occupy the whole valleys, which they now only intersect) and produced the great beds of gravel, of which many valleys consist.

In several parts of the surface

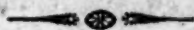
of the earth, subsequent earthquakes, from the fermentation of morasses, have at different periods of time, deranged the position of the matters above described. Hence the gravel, which was before in the beds of rivers, has in some places, been raised into mountains, along with clay and coal strata, which were formed from morasses, and washed down from eminences into the beds of rivers, or the neighbouring seas, and in part raised again with gravel, or marine shells over them; but this has only obtained in few places, compared with the general distribution of such materials. Hence there seems to have existed two sources of earthquakes, which have occurred at a great distance of time from each other; one from the granite beds, in the central parts of the earth, and the other from the morasses on its surface. All the subsequent earthquakes and volcano's of modern days, compared with these, are of smaller extent, and insignificant effect.

Besides the argillaceous sandstone produced from morasses, which is stratified with clay, and coal, and iron, other great beds of sielceous sand have been formed in the sea, by the combination of an unknown acid from morasses, and the calcareous matters of the ocean.

The warm waters which are found in many countries, are ow-

ing to steam arising from great depths, through the fissures of limestone or lava, elevated by subterraneous fires, and condensed between the strata of the hills over them, and not from any decomposition of pyrites or manganese near the surface of the earth.

The columns of basaltes have been raised by the congelation or expansion of granite beds, in the act of cooling, from their semi-vitreous fusion.



*I copy the following article from an interesting little work, just published by GEORGE LARGIN, Printer, No. 7 Burling Slip, entitled, Every man his own Fattener, and recommend it as well worth the attention of every female.*

By accurate calculation made on the bills of mortality throughout the United States, together with the colateral testimony of the epitaphs in the several grave yards, I find, that for one man that dies of the consumption, there are five women and seven-eights.—This being the case, I shall leave the gentlemen to take care of themselves, and direct my attention to the ladies.

I am informed by the skilful Doctor Puffwell, that consumptions generally proceed from colds, if then, I can give my fair readers any directions, whereby they may avoid catching colds, and falling into consumptions, I shall be

amply repaid for my labour. That our dress should always be conformable to the seasons,\* is an assertion which I presume none of the faculty will dare to contradict; yet in the months of December and January, have I seen Ladies in as light a dress as they would wear in July or August. It may be replied to this, that they are going to a ball. True, they went to the ball, the room was warmed by means of stoves, it was crowded, and this increased the heat, they danced a good deal, and the exercise threw them into a perspiration. In this state they retired, and the pores being then open, the chilling frost penetrated even to their bones. When they recollect this, and the severe colds they then caught, I hope they will wear a warm comfortable dress through the approaching winter.

Whilst I am on this subject, it may not be improper, to notice a preposterous fashion with the Ladies, and that is wearing *corsets*.

This dress is too confined, it compresses the chest, prevents free respiration, and if persisted in, will inevitably bring on consumptions, asthmas, &c. &c. &c. But setting aside these considerations, I would ask the Ladies why they are ashamed of their natural shapes, for my part I can't see the

\* It is equally true, that it is better to be out of the world, than out of the fashion. *Nick.*

reason; with regard to figure the American Ladies are second to none on earth; and do they think to improve it by squeezing themselves into the shape of an hour-glass.

But I trust I have already said enough, to induce my fair countrywomen to lay the fashion aside. I shall therefore conclude with advising them, to always let their dress be suitable to the season, to endeavour to keep their feet warm and dry, and not to be in too great a hurry in laying aside their winter clothes. By paying attention to this advice they will not be so liable to catch colds, and I may reasonably hope that in the course of some years, that "*wasting disease*," the CONSUMPTION, will have in a great measure disappeared.

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### THE LADIES' TOILETTE;

OR,

ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF BEAUTY.

Of spots upon the skin.

THE skin is subject to various kinds of spots, which proceed from different causes; they might, therefore, be divided into distinct classes, but this classification, that would doubtless be extremely useful, we shall leave to professional men, and treat in this place only of those species which are the most common.

Some persons have spots, or

marks, which they bring with them into the world, or which come during the first years of their lives; these spots are not removed without great difficulty by the means employed for that purpose; nay, some, especially if they are of large size, resist every remedy that may be used. It must, however, be observed, that these marks are not always drawbacks upon beauty. Some are so well placed, that women are extremely proud of them, and give them the pompous appellation of beauty spots. They sometimes give a certain archness to the countenance, and expression to the looks, and serve as foils to set off the fairness of the skin. In women of dark complexions, they are particularly becoming; such spots are real patches, which they have received from the hands of nature. On the other hand, these marks, if too numerous, are a real imperfection; they distort and impart a coarseness to the features, and totally destroy the harmony of the face. In this case, all the means which art affords, should be used for their removal; but care must at the same time be taken to avoid those too violent caustics, which then indiscreetly employed, might leave behind upon the skin, marks that would disfigure it for ever. Among the caustics, therefore, the mildest ought to be selected; for this purpose, the distilled water of the great blind nettle is recommended, if this should prove ineffectual, re-

course may be had to more powerful caustics. Make use, for instance, of oil of tartar, mixed with a little water to weaken it. There have been cases, though they are indeed rare, in which amputation has been resorted to; but this remedy, in my opinion, is much more to be dreaded in this instance than the disease.

The sun produces red spots, which are known by the name of freckles; these have no apparent elevation, but by the touch it may be perceived that they give a slight degree of roughness to the epidermis. These spots come upon the skin in those parts which are habitually exposed to the air.

[*To be continued.*]

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An aged gentleman, a few days ago in a party, was observed to pay particular attention to one of the young ladies, who, in the course of the evening, dropped her glove, which the gentleman picked up, and put into his pocket. The next day he sent the glove to the lady with the following lines:—

If you from Glove do take the letter G,  
The Glove is love, and that I send to  
thee.

JOHN PAGE.

The lady immediately returned for answer:—

If you from Page do take the letter P,  
The Page is age, and that wont do for  
me.

## THE LADY'S

### ON THE NATIONAL CHARACTER OF THE TURKS.

THE national character of the Turks is, indeed, a composition of contrary qualities. We find them brave and pusillanimous, good and ferocious, firm and weak, active and indolent; dashing from austere devotion to disgusting obscenity, from moral severity to gross sensuality; fastidiously delicate, and coarsely voluptuous; seated on a celestial bed, and preying on garbage. The great are alternately haughty and humble, arrogant and cringing, liberal and sordid; and, in general, it must be confessed that the qualities that least deserve our approbation are most predominant. On comparing their limited acquirements with the learning of the christian nations of Europe, we are surprised at their ignorance; but we must allow that they have just and clear ideas of whatever falls within the contracted sphere of their observation. What would become of the other nations of Europ, if, in imitation of the Turkish government, the highest offices of state were filled by men taken from the lowest rank in society, and unprepared by education or habit to discharge their important duties?

A letter from Philadelphia to the Editor of the Evening Post, dated Monday noon, says, "The Emperor Napoleon has created Mrs. Jerome Patterson, of Baltimore, a Dutchess of the house of Napoleon

with an establishment of 40,000 crowns per annum, and her son, a Prince of of the French empire. Col Tousard, late of the American Revolutionary army, is appointed Governor of the young Prince, with the rank of General, and a splendid salary. He has left Philadelphia for Baltimore, to take upon himself the duties of his appointment. Baltimore is to be the Imperial and Royal residence for the present

### MARRIED,

*Mr. Thomas Marshall, eldest son of the Chief Justice of the United States, to Miss Margaret Lewis, eldest daughter of Mr. P. Lewis, of Charles City County.*

*On the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Seixas, Mr. E. S. Lazarus, to Miss Z. Hart, daughter of Mr. J. Hart, sen. all of this city.*

*Oh the 3d inst. by the Rev. Mr. How, Cap. Gibbon of his B. M. Packet Lord Chesterfield, to Miss Elliza L. Braine, of this city.*

*At Carmel, Dutchess County, the 3d inst. by the rev. Mr Emery, of Salem, Mr Elias Slood, to Miss Charity Crawford, both of that place.*

### DIED,

*On Saturday evening last, after a long illness, Mr. Francis Arden, Seniour, in the 58th year of his age.*

*On Tuesday afternoon, Mrs Effie Crygier, relict of the late Cornelius Crygier, aged 82 years.*

*On Tuesday last at Hackensack, in Bergen county, New-Jersey, Mr. John Varick, aged 85 years.*



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*EDWARD AND ROSABEL.*

BY Severn's bold romantic flood  
The lone dejected Edward stood,  
And mourn'd his Rosabel ;  
Unmatch'd, with her no damsel vied,  
'Mid Cambria's heights, the blooming  
    pride  
And lily of the vale.

Alas ! alas ! ill-fated maid !  
Nor Cambria's heights, nor Cambria's  
    shade,  
For thee shall smile again ;  
Untrue to love, to reason blind,  
Thou' st left thine Edward, ever kind,  
Thine ever constant swain.

Unhappy youth ! with wild remorse,  
And rash intent, his hasty course  
To Severn's stream he turn'd :  
He view'd the loud resounding tide,  
While echo to his griefs reply'd,  
And plaint with plaint return'd.

"Hence from this breast," he cried,  
    "Despair !  
No more shall life-consuming care,  
Nor grief disturb my mind ;  
Had Rosabel ne'er faithless prov'd,  
We had been happy—ever lov'd—  
Nor known a thought unkind :

"But ah ! as clouds that shun the day,  
As breezes light that softly play,  
And murmur thro' the grove ;  
As storms that agitate the floods,

As rains that gently lave the woods,  
Uncertain so—is love.

"E'en now, could to my longing arms,  
Though fled her beauty, lost her  
    charms,

Return my Rosabel :  
I'd press her to my throbbing breast,  
In strict embrace forget the past,  
Nor think on future ill.

"But fate denies—this, this relief  
Alone she grants, to aid my grief,  
And bury all my woes."  
He said ; and sought the wat'ry grave ;  
But lo ! from Severn's troubled wave  
A female figure rose.

'Twas she—'twas Rosabel—but ah !  
How alter'd, now no longer fair,  
But deeply clad in gloom ;  
For grimly death, with eager haste,  
Had from her eye the lustre cast,  
And robb'd her of her bloom.

Unhappy shade !—"I'm come (she  
    cried)

To soothe thy woes, thy griefs to chide  
And anxious thoughts to quell ;  
Why lives within thy breast a care,  
Why heaves the sigh, why rolls the  
    tear

For faithless Rosabel ?

"By pageantry and gold decoy'd,  
I left thine ever constant side,  
Unmindful of my fate :  
Another soon my hand possess'd,  
Yet warm from thine, and own'd the  
    breast  
That beat for thee so late.

"To Cambria scarce I bade adieu,  
The ready vessel stood in view,  
To bear me from the shore ;  
High on the deck, elate I view'd  
The less'ning coast, the rolling flood,  
To virtue friend no more ;

"But soon the transient dream was  
    past,

My brilliant hopes with clouds o'ercast,  
And all the visions gone ;  
For as I gaz'd around, I spied  
A glittering jewel by my side,  
That sparkled to the sun :

It was the bracelet you had bound,  
beneath the beechen shade, around  
My then unsullied arm.  
You said, when first you bade me wear  
The radiant pledge, and fix'd it there,  
It had a secret charm ;

" That it would quick re kindle love,  
Each dubious fear it would remove,  
And mend each erring thought ;  
And I (for I remember well)  
Implored from heaven every ill,  
If thee I e'er forgot.

" A sudden chillness seiz'd my frame,  
As I survey'd the accusing gem,  
So oft, alas ! forsworn !  
I curs'd the hour I prov'd untrue,  
And vow'd (thy pardon sought) from  
you  
I ne'er again would turn :

" Too late it was remorse to shew,  
For as I wept my broken vow  
In wild dejected mood,  
Through ev'ry nerve a tremor ran,  
Distraction seiz'd my wilder'd brain—  
I dash'd into the flood.

" Expos'd to winds and pelting rains,  
Upon the sands my corse remains  
Unbury'd, cold, and bare ;  
The ravenous hawk and hungry kite  
Will peck the uncover'd orbs of sight,  
And perjur'd bosom tear :

" But hence—I'm call'd, a long adieu,"  
She said ; and instant fled from view,  
Into the circling wave.  
" Oh ! stay !—the astonish'd Edward  
cried ;  
Then plung'd to clasp her, mid the tide,  
And sought her in the grave.

### THE MILLER'S MAID.

THE Miller's maid was young and  
fair,  
Her breast was not the seat of care,  
But of mild joy the dwelling ;  
She lightly tripp'd along the green,  
Her lovely looks and modest mein,  
My heart to love were swelling.

I whisper'd love in accents low ;  
She answer'd, blushing, soft, and slow,  
Pray cease your bold intruding—  
Again my rustic tale I told,  
Again she answer'd, coy and cold,  
Desist from this deluding.

I love thee, Jane, indeed I do ;  
But John, suppose I don't love you ;  
Why then I'll welcome sorrow.  
Indeed you shall not, Jenny cried,  
The Miller's Maid will be thy bride,  
In blissful joy to-morrow.

### A KISS.

FIE, Delia, why so gravely look,  
Because a kiss or two I took ?  
Those ruby lips might thousands grant,  
Sweet rogues, that never feel the want ;  
So little in a kiss I see,  
A hundred thou mayst take from me.  
But since, like misers o'er their store,  
Thou hatst to give, tho' running o'er,  
I scorn to cause the slightest pain,  
So pray thee take them back again ;  
Nay, with good interest be it done,  
Thou'rt welcome to take ten for one.

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